

It's a 'Size Thing'

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It's a 'Size Thing'

by [OBLVN](#)

Summary

It's not Dream's fault that George being smaller than himself has become attractive to him. What is he supposed to do about it, sit and wait for nothing to happen? No, he'll take the chance once the opportunity is presented to him. And it turns out for the better.

Notes

I was going to start posting a multi chaptered fic and a long oneshot with actual plot first, but my brain told me to speedrun some smut, so here, have it, it's yours now

Enjoy :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It had been innocent enough. The duo didn't know any better than to make jokes about each other, it had always been that way, it would always stay that way, and no subject was untouched. Roaming the dorm halls they always knew of something to nag the other with, whether it was the dirty blond bird's nest on top of Dream's head ("It looks like a long haired guinea pig!" George says, reaching up to ruffle it, much to Dream's dismay, who definitely doesn't watch the way

George's shirt rides up as he lifts his arm), or the darkened bags under George's eyes ("Did your secret girlfriend stay over again?" Dream jokes with an elbow poke. George's scowl and offended "I don't even have one!" is enough to make him wheeze), no territory was uncharted.

A mention of their height difference wasn't uncommon either, and Dream hadn't paid much mind to it at first. It was all part of the joke, no undertones that would imply anything else. Months went by in which it was the most normal thing in the world. But things had started to change. For the absolute worse.

It starts when George comes in later than usual for one of their shared lectures.

Dream is already sat at the back of the hall, protectively keeping the seat next to his own from anyone sitting down on it. Even Sapnap isn't welcome to join his side, George would be there any minute anyway. His pen taps nervously against the seat in front of him, and he's only lucky nobody has decided to take that spot, for they would be going mad with his nervous habits right about now. It's taking too long for his liking for George to get there, but right as Dream pulls his phone from his pocket to shoot him a text, he sees the smaller figure walk through the door.

Somehow, him being smaller is the first thing he notices. *That's new.* His bag hangs off his shoulder nonchalantly, and there's a heavy book resting on his thin arm. Dream finds himself wondering how he always carries his books with him like that, there can't be that much muscle strength in that short, thin posture of his. He could easily tackle him to the ground if he wanted to, and George wouldn't be able to do anything about it.

What?

Dream is quick to exile the thought from his mind as he notices his reddening cheeks. In a trick he learned from one of his high school teachers once, he bows down to dig through his bag, in hopes that his head being down will offer enough of an explanation for his flushed face.

"Scoot," George's voice speaks up, and Dream lifts his upper half back into position before sliding towards the second seat with a smile sent in George's direction. "Did you change your major?" He asks, much to Dream's confusion.

"What? No, I would have told you if I did," he answers, but the smug look on George's face tells him enough.

"Thought you may have switched to agricultural studies, since you look like a ripe tomato," he says, and Dream can only rolls his eyes as he slumps into his seat. As he slides down, he notices how far down it takes to get to George's height as he sits normally, *God, he is small.*

"Whatever, shortie," he huffs, and it appears to amuse George as he chuckles a breathy laugh, dropping his book onto his table surface.

Experimental as he is, Dream continues to sit back up straight and slide down repetitively through all of the lecture, seeing at what point their shoulders are at the same height, when their knees are at the same distance from the seat, when their eyes could meet directly in front of each other, and so on. He plays it off as being nervous for an approaching exam, needing to move his body in order to release his anxious energy, but he can't quite put his finger on what actually fuels him to find out these little differences in their bodies. He decides to think about it harder another day.

The second time he finds himself thinking this way, happens even before he gets a chance to figure

out his own mind.

They are stood in the courtyard. Dream is leaning with his back against the wall of the college building, avoiding the sun like the plague, because his lack of time that morning also caused a lack of showering, and he would rather not start smelling any more like sweat than he could possibly be doing already. Nobody has pointed out any strange body odor though, so he thinks he might be okay.

George is standing in front of him, his phone in one hand while he gesticulates with the other, talking about what's on the screen he's looking so intently at.

“—like, is that even allowed? I was so close to done with it, they can't just change up the assignment, can they?” He finally looks up at Dream, who shrugs and raises his eyebrows at the same time, pocketing his hands into his shorts.

“I don't know, you're awfully early with it though, maybe they thought nobody got that far yet,” he reasons, and George groans, dropping both his hands and throwing his head back to look at the sky. Without paying much attention as of why, Dream studies how his Adam's apple bobs as he swallows, before throwing his head back forward and letting himself sink to the ground.

“It's unfair, I just wanted a head start,” he whines. Dream's mind apparently bought a one way ticket to the gutter, because when George looks up at him from his sitting position on the ground, eyes opened wide so he doesn't have to lift his head too much, he realizes two things.

One, George looks *attractive*, looking up at him like that.

And two, his blood is going places it should absolutely not, and he should start thinking of absolutely anything other than George's small figure on the ground in front of him. He needs to not think about George lifting himself to his knees and shuffling closer to his intimacy, and he needs to completely banish the thought of George's compact hands circling his hips and latching onto the back of his thighs, while his mouth inches closer to—

“I have to go,” Dream says hurriedly as he snatches his bag from the ground.

“What? Why?” George asks still, but Dream is already stepping away from him.

“Dentist appointment,” he yells over his shoulder as he strides off, praying to any God that will hear him that there's nothing obvious about his shorts, and that he doesn't look as overheated as he feels.

He repeats one thought to himself the entire walk to his room: *this is incredibly wrong, and you need to stop.*

It continues itself as he falls into his desk chair, eyeing his lap like it's foreign to him, and like it'll make the obvious go away. He even hears it when he goes to lock the door, and it's blasting full volume when he reaches inside the now unbuttoned khaki fabric. He utters it to himself as he leans his head back in the chair, but his hands have apparently gotten a mind of their own, because it rids his hips of his boxer embarrassingly quick.

The stubborn thought ebbs away when he gives in fully, and with one hand lost in desire, the other brought to his mouth to bite away his own moans, the image of George's sitting in front of him slithers back into his brain.

“Fuck,” he breathes as silently as he can, while his thumb mindfully spreads the drops of precum gathered at his tip. He can't find it in himself to look down, afraid he'll see the image of George

again, and if there's one thing he doesn't want, it's to be confronted with those innocent doe eyes while he *masturbates, for fuck's sake*.

His teeth press into his pointing finger as he suppresses the sounds he wants to make, the slow strokes he delivers to his cock not enough to satisfy his growing needs. An image of George settles in the back of his mind, one he knows he shouldn't be thinking about, but he can't help seeing George's face, fucked out in front of him. His thighs would be spread apart enough for Dream to settle between them, and he would *push*, he would *pull*, and George would *beg* him to go *quicker*, so he *would*.

His hand speeds up with the scenery behind his closed eyelids, and a moan manages to escape him despite all of his efforts. He lets his thumb press into his slit every time its brought to his flushed tip, and he lets his pointing finger trace a prominent vein every time it goes down. He bucks himself right up to the edge, before—

“Dream?” Karl’s voice shouts from the other side of the door. “Why is the door locked, nimrod, you know I forgot my keys!” He adds as he abuses the door handle, startling Dream out of his haze.

“I’m changing, wait a minute,” he shouts back, looking down at his crotch, and he can’t control the angry pout that makes its way onto his face. For the purpose of being believable, he switches out his shorts, sacrificing the comfort of his erection in loose pants for something tighter, so he doesn’t look so damn suspicious.

“Let me in please,” Karl whines as he starts banging the door with his fist as well, pushing Dream to hurry up even more. “Why does dressing yourself take so long? I’m gonna get Sapnap to kick down the do—”

He doesn’t get to finish his sentence as Dream opens the door and flicks him against the forehead, startling him right back. “Can a man just change in peace?” He wonders out loud as he turns on his heels, Karl quickly following him inside. For a lack of better idea, he lets himself fall face first onto his bed, hiding his boner more painfully, but more effectively.

“Hm, no,” Karl says cheerily. Dream hears him fall onto his own bed, eliminating every chance of finishing what he started, unless he wants to disappear for a questionable amount of time into a toilet in the hallway. He considers it for one short second, before deciding definitively against it. He’ll just live with the pain. Karl rambling on about something related to one of his classes for sure helps though, as philosophy appears to be something so wildly uninteresting to Dream, that his erection dies down.

He wishes he could say this was the first, and with that the last time he jacked off to the image of George.

He wishes he hadn’t sinned as badly as he did when the showers were completely empty apart from him, and he wishes the toilet didn’t haunt him with the memory of the quick release he needed after their last Thursday evening class. He wishes he hadn’t seen George’s face every time, and he wishes he didn’t imagine how easily he could overpower George were they to be in bed together. God, he wishes he didn’t think so much about pinning George’s thin wrists above his head with one hand, and how his body could be too fragile to take him entirely, but they would take the risk anyway.

So he makes a deal with himself.

It's not the best deal, any psychologist would probably advice against it, but whenever he thinks about George like *that*, every time he thinks about how small he is, how small his cock could be compared to his own, how tight he could be, he pinches himself. He pinches himself *hard*. With particularly stubborn thoughts, he even twists his skin a little with it, sending a little shock through his arm, enough to ground him.

Ivan Pavlov would be proud.

And it works, for a while. His thoughts die down, he can go to class again without the fear of getting hard right next to his best friend, and things become peaceful. Karl, being his roommate, never suspected a thing (or, never spoke out on any suspicions if he had any, but Dream doubts it), and serenity returned.

Right up until one fateful night.

“I don’t want to go out,” George states as he falls onto his bed. “I don’t care if Sapnap wants us to come, I’m not going.” Dream is spinning in George’s desk chair, fixing his eyes on one spot on the wall to see if he’ll get dizzy if he spins long enough.

“Why not?” He asks. His feet push him for another round, and he makes the mistake of switching his gaze to George on the bed. Only being able to look shortly with every turn he makes, he can barely make out just how *little* George looks on top of his mattress.

“I just want to hang out with you,” George answers. Dream stills the chair, the world still spinning before his eyes a bit, but he looks over him once his vision steadies.

“Okay, so let’s just hang out together,” Dream agrees, and George flashes him a smile before relaxing. His skin pinches familiarly when he catches himself admiring George’s jawline as he throws his head back completely, and arches his back in a stretch. “Do you have any booze?” He decides to ask, in a simply brilliant moment of getting an immensely bad idea.

George makes a noise to convey he’s not sure, before he sits up and looks under his bed. His eyes light up and he pulls a clear bottle from underneath, filled halfway with some sort of pink liquid. “Check the fridge, I might have soda,” he orders, and Dream does as asked, pulling an opened bottle of Fanta from the cold.

It’s not long before they’ve downed their first cup of mix, some sort of passion fruit flavored alcohol that reminds him of things that haven’t happened yet, strangely. The effects become very clear right off the bat. Months without alcohol have lowered his defenses, one single cup making his head hazy, and the same happens to George, so it seems.

“Truth or dare,” George asks in the middle of a comfortable silence. They have both settled on the bed, next to each other against the headboard, shoulders touching. It takes all of Dream’s will power to not grab George’s hand and play with it. In fact, he fails.

“Truth,” he mutters as he holds George’s hand with both of his own, playing with his short fingers. His hands are *tiny*, compared to his own, that could envelop them entirely. George doesn’t seem to mind the contact, letting him do as he pleases.

“Would you rather... Kiss me, or kiss Sapnap?” He giggles, and Dream is fully convinced he already knows the answer.

“Oh, that’s a difficult question,” he answers in pretend thought, now rubbing over George’s

knuckles, rather than playing with his fingers. Absolute disaster strikes his mind, and the alcohol has removed any sort of filter that was previously in his mouth, letting all thoughts flow out freely. “I could show you,” he suggests. George remains silent for a moment, still not pulling his hand back, but also lacking in any other body language that would give away his feelings. Dream decides to ignore it completely, acting like nothing has happened, because that’s the best solution he can come up with in the moment.

“Isn’t that more of a dare?” George then says. His voice is sweet like caramel syrup inside a cup of coffee, like candy floss melting on your tongue at the fun fair. It fits him so well, Dream realizes. It’s a busy little bee in the early spring sun, perching on top of yellow orchids. It’s the ornament in the Christmas tree that looks like a small angel, dangling between the lights. He’s all of it.

“Is it?” Dream questions. George hums again, to which Dream decides he should be next to ask. “Truth or dare?”

“Dare,” George says boldly. Should he?

“I dare you to...” Dream starts, falling silent in the middle of his sentence to think it over. *He can’t dare him to kiss, it could be a joke*, he ponders, still lifting George’s fingers one by one. He’ll have to settle for something less intimate. “I dare you to sit in my lap.” *Didn’t you just decide on less intimate?* He would slap himself in the face if he wasn’t tipsy.

George, however, acts without hesitation. Not moving his hand from Dream’s grip, he hoists himself up and settles sideways into Dream’s lap. Their faces are just inches away, and Dream forces himself to look anywhere but his eyes. Those sweet, chestnut eyes that stare straight into his soul. Being in his lap, George’s head is found at the same height as Dream’s, finally. And it only took a pair of thighs to lift him.

“Truth or dare?” George says, softer than before. His free hand slithers over Dream’s shoulder and settles behind his neck. Dream lets the hand go temporarily to move his arm across George’s waist, then joining the other again. He waits. If he says ‘dare’, George will know. If he says ‘truth’, George might think he doesn’t want it. With alcohol in his system, there’s only one right option.

“Dare,” he says. He swears he could see a sparkle light up in George’s eyes as he already moves in closer.

“I dare you to show me who you’d kiss,” he whispers, and the grin that splits Dream’s face couldn’t be any brighter. He thinks, for one moment, about making a joke, but does he want to ruin this opportunity? Not really. It might be the only one he gets. The consequences of it are pushed far back into a dark crevice of his mind, not questioning what could change if he does this, instead opting to live the way his poor impulse control tells him to.

George’s lips are as soft as they always look, as he always sounds, as he feels between Dream’s arms. Their modest kiss lingers for a moment or two, letting them carefully tread onto the unknown ground of each other’s mouths, their smiles, their frowns, pressed together. Dream dares to move his own lips, the only incentive George needs to do the same until they both run out of air and have to pull back.

George’s slicked up lips look too *hot* to Dream not to dive back in immediately, forgetting about the softness they had shared when they started. His tongue asks to be invited in, and George’s mouth easily accepts, letting him taste whatever forbidden fruit has been hiding from him. He doesn’t know what flavor he expected to find, but it’s better than any kiss he’s had before that day, and that’s without exaggeration. He’s not honey, he’s not caramel, but he’s something like raspberry marshmallows and dark chocolate.

He's also pop rocks in Dream's chest when his tongue dances back against his own, the passion fruit coming back to life against his taste buds, a faint orange undertone to him. Dream wants to stay like this, even when they need to breathe, so he doesn't allow George much time to do so. They're ridden of oxygen eventually, though, and when George pulls back to heave, cheeks flushed and pupils blown, he moves himself to straddle Dream's lap.

The hands that were previously holding George's let go, instead setting on his small waist, hip bones fitting perfectly into his own large palms. George looks him dead in the eyes, his gaze already telling Dream exactly what he wants, but he wants to hear it. "Truth or dare?" He breathes out, rubbing his hands slowly, much to George's pleasure it seems as his eyes flutter shut momentarily.

"Truth," he says back, lips remaining parted as he finishes speaking. Dream can't help but stare at them as he continues.

"What do you want?" He asks. George's hands, his *small* hands, roam his chest, his collar bones, his shoulders and his biceps, before settling where his neck meets his shoulders. He exhales deeply, sinking himself down onto Dream's lap again, crotches brushing together. It makes Dream inhale sharply, as he reminds himself of the amount of times he's seen George's face while he satisfied himself. George's eyes open up again, lidded and dark, but they find Dream's nevertheless.

"Touch me," he says, and Dream smiles at him.

"Where?" He teases, moving his hands to George's back to press his fingers into his muscles softly. "Here?" George pulls his lower lip between his teeth as he moves, rubbing his crotch up against Dream's again, creating the friction they both want, they both *need*, so badly.

"Everywhere," he says. Dream has never been one with much patience running through his veins, but he tries his hardest to keep it slow, keep it soft, make it the most pleasurable it can possibly be. He moves his hands all over George's back, pressing wherever he feels fit, before they move to the front. They disappear under his shirt and move up, taking the fabric with them until it's gathered around his neck. George makes the move himself to lift it over his head and throw it to the side, Dream's own shirt soon following.

"Are you okay with this?" Dream says as his hands roam George's chest again, stilling right below his nipples to find a confirmative nod coming from George.

"More than," George answers. The reaction is immediate. While Dream's fingers slowly rub over the hardened nubs, his mouth finds a way to make George whimper as it works around his neck. They start as simple little kisses, intently placed pecks, before the skin is pulled between his lips in a suck. He doesn't dare use his teeth on such a fragile looking angel of a being, so he simply listens to George's sounds, whimpers, moans, as he seems to do everything right.

Whereas George was previously only rubbing their crotches together softly, his movements have turned into stronger ruts, and Dream can't help but groan against the expanse of skin he has just marked more sensitive. In the vicious circle, it only makes George's movements harder, and there's no scenario in which Dream doesn't starts bucking his own hips up as well.

"Do you want to do more?" He whispers against George's ear, before taking his earlobe between his lips as well.

"Yes! Yes, God, please," George manages to bring out between moans. His hands leave their place around his shoulders after the minutes they have stayed there, only to undo the button of Dream's

pants, his own soon following. Losing as little touching time as possible, they make their way out of their pants in record speed, only leaving strained boxers between them.

“This isn’t the alcohol talking, right?” Dream checks in, and George shakes his head ferociously. He had never seen someone as sure of a ‘no’ as George is right now.

“This has been on my mind for weeks, Dream, don’t you dare stop now,” he breathes out, and it causes a thrust up against his ass instantaneously. His surprised yelp is quickly silenced by Dream hungrily placing his mouth down on his lips, licking and sucking and doing whatever comes up in his mind.

Not only his mouth is on his mind. His large hands roam George’s smaller thighs where they straddle him, squeezing them softly every once in a while to make George gasp into the kiss. They move further and further to where he decides their destination to be, one on his ass cheek, the other lingering right above his boxers’ waist band.

“Please,” George whimpers as he pulls back, opening his eyes to meet gazes. Dream can’t resist that pretty little face. He looks down at George’s stiffness, and recalls what he imagined it would be like. His imagination is proven right, his cock is smaller than his own, he can tell already through the fabric. Hooking his fingers under the elastic and pulling the fabric down makes it all the more real.

“Can I?” Dream asks, and it’s almost *annoyed*, the way George nods at him. He lets his thumb rub over his reddened tip first, smearing around the precum that has already gathered there, like he remembers doing to himself that first time. George gasps in ecstasy, bucking his hips up immediately upon the first contact of Dream’s hand with him. Dream finds his other hand grabbing onto George’s hip with a bruising grip, keeping him down.

“Let me please you,” he whispers as he takes his own cock out of his boxers, quickly shuffling out of them with George’s help. George moans the loudest yet when he brings them together, easily wrapping his palm around both of them at the same time.

Something inside his stomach does somersaults at the sensation, making low moans escape from his own mouth as well. The temptation to speed up is there, undeniably, but he doesn’t give in quite yet, right up until George seems to become most desperate.

“I want you to...” he breathes out before moaning at a particularly fast stroke of both of their cocks. “I want you to fuck me,” he finally finishes saying. It takes every sense of self control that Dream has inside the fibers of his body to not speed up his hand any further, instead letting go of the both of them at the same time.

“God, yes,” Dream manages to bring out, before he initiates a change of position. Without much of a hassle, George is lying down, sweaty face up towards him as he hair rests on top of his pillow. He looks like the truest angel Dream had ever seen, and he doesn’t even want to begin to imagine what he looks like himself. By the feeling of it, his entire forehead is sticky with sweat, and his hair is clinging to it, but George doesn’t seem to mind when they kiss again.

“Lube?” He murmurs against George’s lips, who starts grabbing inside the top drawer of his bedside table. Dream pays no attention to how much has left the bottle already, only focused on getting his fingers inside of George as fast as he possibly can.

The first slides in rather easily, and there is no sign of discomfort when it moves in and out at a slow pace. Dream takes his time, exploring him entirely, inside and out, free hand roaming George’s stomach while he fingers him thoroughly. When he pulls it back out completely, and adds

his second with it, there's a sharp hiss, and Dream immediately looks towards the frown on George's face.

"I'm good, keep going," George confirms before Dream can even ask, and sure enough, the pain soon turns into pleasure. Dream wants to give his own desperate erection the attention it craves, but he'd rather stay focussed on preparing George for what's to come. He's obviously bigger, even his fingers are already thicker than George's own, so it's a stretch he must not even be used to. Not yet, anyway.

The volume of George's moans increases suddenly when with a third finger added in, he changes the angle ever so slightly. "Oh?" Dream teases, brushing his fingers up against where George wants them most, before angling back to the position they were in before.

"Do that again," George says, *begs*, almost, and how could Dream deny? The look on his face is entirely worth it, mouth fallen open wide and eyes shut in bliss as Dream moves intently. When his fingers start thrusting, however, his eyes screw shut harder, and his parted lips send sweet moans through the air, the only sound Dream needs to hear to decide it's time for more.

His fingers leave the rim and wipe down on the sheets quickly, before the nerves caused by all of the situation start stirring in his stomach again. He meets George's expectant eyes as he lathers his length in a generous amount of lube, wanting to make it as easy for George to take him as it could possibly be, even though there could be nothing easy about it.

"I'll go slow," he reassures as he positions himself hovering over George. George's lips are pressed into a thin line, eyes never leaving Dream's, right up until the moment Dream pushes past his ring of muscles. That's when he closes his eyes and throws his head back further. Without giving it too much thought, he covers George's neck and jaw in kisses, trying to soothe the stretch he's causing by pushing in further.

"Oh my God," George chokes out, making Dream stop for just a moment. "No, keep going," he reassures, and after studying his face growing more content, he does as asked, pushing all the way through until their hips are pressed flush together, both simply breathing heavily.

"You're so fucking tight," Dream says, and George has half the mind to tilt his jaw down, letting their eyes meet again.

"You're the one who's too big," George quips. Dream has to chuckle airily, before he decides he's sat still for long enough. In a long, slow drag against George's walls, he almost pulls out, before repeating their first step, pushing back in completely. George moans all the same at every movement, face displaying hints of pain at first, but his features soothe as the drags continue.

Without expecting much, Dream lays his hand to George's stomach, gaining surprise instead when he feels himself filling George up.

"Oh," he moans out shakily when he pushes his hand down experimentally while he moves. The other seems to enjoy it just as much, his head tipping back once more as lewd sounds leave his mouth, filthy as ever.

He has been trying his best to stay patient, he really has, but as soon as all pain has made place for pleasure on George's face, he can't help but move quicker. He has to, he cannot go as slow as he did, he *needs* the friction, and he gets it.

Everything inside of him confirms it, it's right, it's so wonderfully right, and it's the only way it should be. George, a moaning mess right under him, enjoying his movements just as much as he

does himself, tight walls enveloping him warmly in his quickening pace and changing angle.

He knows he's doing it as wished from him when George moans something that sounds almost like a scream, throwing his hands up above him. The opportunity is taken as fast as it appeared, and both George's wrists are pinned down above him by the force of one of Dream's hands, keeping them in place.

All of his fantasies, they seem to be coming true. George's hands captured, his tightness welcoming him in, his voice making the most beautiful sounds he could possibly produce as Dream manages to hit his prostate dead-on, with every drag. Somewhere in his mind he watches paradise approach slowly, announced by the growing pleasure inside his stomach. He knows George must be feeling the same, and in a last effort to improve the experience even further, his hand slides between them and grabs onto George cock to stroke it in time with his own movements. The hand holding George's is moved to keep himself lifted above the other.

"Dream, please!" George yells, opening his eyes to see Dream's already above him. Both their mouth are fallen wide open, breaths mingling as the slapping together of their skins overwhelms everything else, their moans, the slickness of the lube, the thumping of the headboard against the wall.

"I'm gonna—," Dream manages to bring out as he speeds up impossibly more, and George simply nods, presumably because he can't bring out anymore words that would convey the same sentiment. The eruption of flowers blossoming inside of him makes his hips stutter a last few times while he moans a high pitched sound shakily, receiving the same reaction from George when white paints both their stomach as well as Dream's hand.

A few more strong pushes make sure Dream's high is all ridden out, while his fist pumps George's cock close to overstimulation. When he whimpers louder, he knows to remove it, and to start pulling out carefully, awaiting the reaction it will cause.

George sighs heavily when he's empty again, and Dream simply stares down at him, his fucked out little body, stomach covered in pretty white spurts that are *his* doing. He's looking at the prettiest picture he has ever seen, something he would put in a museum, but not something for anyone else to look at. His private art exhibition, his own piece of heaven right below him.

George's legs relax and he closes his eyes, still catching his breath as Dream goes to grab a washing cloth to clean the both of them up. It's done quickly, and without any further words, he slides into the bed beside George, who clings onto him like a koala to the last eucalyptus tree in the forest.

"How are you?" Dream whispers against his forehead while his arms cage him in tightly. George elicits a soft chuckle as he nuzzles his nose into Dream's shoulder.

"Couldn't be better," he says, exhaling deeply while his body grows heavier against Dream.

"Let's... let's talk tomorrow, after some sleep," Dream says, and George agrees with a soft hum, signifying he is already almost drifted off. Dream doesn't mind. He keeps him close, pressed up against his own warm body, knowing George will have to change his sheets, but that's a worry for the next day. He closes his own eyes as well as he notices George is far gone already, snoring against his skin. Quite frankly, he thinks he might enjoy tomorrow's conversation.

I need sleep and a hug and maybe some chocolate

If you want to keep up with my shenanigans, my twitter is @_OBLVN
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Next fic will have actual plot

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